

The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—JEFFERSON.

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Agricultural.

Work for Rainy Days.

A distinguished divine in New England once preached a sermon on the moral uses of rainy days. The heavens have been raining so much in the same strain the past three or four months, that the topic will at least be seasonable. They have come in season, and out of season, so that the farmers who had not forecast to provide for them, have had occasion to complain of lost time.

The farmer, of necessity, pursues the most of his labors under the open skies; and unless he can supply his boys and men with employment under cover, rainy days must be lost. Some, indeed, work men and cattle through all weather, but the practice is inhuman and impolitic. Both teams and men are often disabled where the practice is persevered in. Rainy days, if rightly improved upon the farm, aside from their agency in watering the earth, will be reckoned among the farmer's richest blessings. They bring to the manager of the farm a little breathing spell, when he may contemplate the progress already made in his work, and lay his plans for the future. At this season when everything is pressing, they are particularly important. Of a dozen things that need to be done, it requires a little time to select the piece of work that will suffer by delay.

But the boys must have something to do on rainy days. Fishing should be the inevitable recreation. If the farmer has a toolshed, and a workbench, both boys and men will be furnished with profitable employment when it rains. A few tools are quite common upon the premises of a Yankee farmer, and the number might be profitably enlarged. The influence of the frequent use of the saw, the hammer, the bit, and the plane, in making a boy happy, is incalculable. One sees the contrast when the ignorant European laborer is put down upon an American farm. He knows that kind of labor to which he has been trained, and is extremely awkward at everything else. The boy of the American farmer, if he has a workshop to grow up in, can adapt himself to any kind of mechanical labor with the utmost ease. His arms and fingers are supple, and he becomes an adept in all that he undertakes.

This kind of physical education which makes a boy ingenious in planning, and skillful in the execution of his plans, is worth far more than any pecuniary fortune. It makes a man comparatively independent, in whatever circumstances he may be placed. Put him down in the wilderness, and with an axe, saw and auger, he will construct him a comfortable house in a few days, to shelter his family from the storm. If he seeks his fortune in the city, he will be ready for any kind of business that turns up; and if the best mode of conducting it is not already adopted, he will quite likely discover it.

Every farmer, then, who has boys growing up around him, should have a snug workshop well lighted, and, in winter, well warmed with a stove. The building need not be a separate one. A room in the crib, carriage house or barn may be fitted up as small cost for this purpose. Some farmers turn their kitchen into a workshop, and there, on rainy days, manufacture their yokes, or whip and whiffles. But this is a heathenish practice which no good housewife ought to tolerate, and we are quite sure no considerate husband will countenance it. Woman has her rights, and those which we are particularly disposed to vindicate are her rights to rule in the house. The workshop should be by itself, and order should reign throughout. There should be a tool-shed for the smaller and nicer articles—the bit-stock, and the sets of augers and bits for holes of all sizes, from one inch downward to the smallest gimlet hole; for the planes, the fine saw, the screw-driver, the tack hammer, the screws and tacks, the chisels, the spirit-level, and the measuring tape.

The larger tools, the axes, saws and augers, which are more frequently used, should have places to hang or stand, so that they may be found in the dark, if necessary. Neatness and system in the care of tools and other articles are learned only in youth.—They are invaluable habits, and often lead to success in life. Upon one side of the room should be a work-bench, on which boards ten or twelve feet long may be planed. It should be furnished with a vice or wooden screw, in which all small articles may be held fast for the purpose of using the plane or shaving knife.

With such a room fitted up and furnished with fifteen or twenty dollars worth of tools, the boys will never be at a loss for amusement, and the men will never lack for employment on rainy days. It would pay for itself every year aside from its influence in training the boys to skillful labor and industrious habits. If a tooth or bow of a rake is broken, John can easily mend it. If the hoe-handle breaks, he has a piece of ash, well seasoned, that will make a piece. If the cart ladder gives out he knows how to put in a new stave. There will be hundreds of items of expense saved every year by a workshop. With adjunct of the farm, rainy days will be greater blessings to the farmer's comfort than his acres.—Howard's Real Estate Register.

To improve the soil. When vegetation is rank, and the soil sour, burning the stub-

ble tends to destroy all vegetable acids, and sweeten and improve the soil. After the land is properly drained, caustic lime not only neutralizes acids, but consumes all organic substances. It operates most favorably when applied often, and in small doses.

English Farming.

BY JUDGE HENRY F. FRENCH OF KEEPER.

Butler Abbey is the residence of Thomas Crisp, Esq., one of the most noted breeders of Short-horn Cattle, of Swine, and of Suffolk cars horses, in that part of England. I spent several days under his hospitable roof, and gave his stock of animals a pretty thorough examination. He farms about 3000 acres, and has hundreds of cattle and horses, and thousands of sheep. Perhaps a ride round the farm, for it is quite a large to walk over, may give an idea of a large farmer's affairs in that part of England. Mr. Crisp is, like most farmers, a tenant, and not the owner of the land he occupies. These tenancies, usually, I find, are not by a written lease, but by a sort of understanding, not quite definite enough for my taste, regulated much by the customs of the particular estate. A large proprietor, Lord somebody, or the Duke of something, owns some 20 or 30,000 acres, which has been in the family a thousand years, or at least, from the time of William the Conqueror. This proprietor usually gives no personal attention to his estate, so far as the rents are concerned, but entrusts all such affairs to a steward, who makes his bargains with the tenants, and the lord of the domain sometimes does not even visit a farm in a generation; the tenant occupies at a fixed rent, which he pays half yearly in cash, and although neither party is bound for more than the year, the tenant often occupies for his lifetime, and his son takes the farm at his decease. Landlords are willing to give long leases, but tenants seem to prefer the yearly system, so far as I have observed.

The tenant farmer seems to go on and make permanent improvements, often at great expense, and lays out his work as if he owned the fee simple, and on the whole, houses are more permanent in this land of tenant farmers than in our land of fee simple owners with migratory habits. The farmer pays a rent of, say five dollars per acre, annually, for his land, and conducts his operations in his own way, provided he does not cut down trees, or plow up any pasture land, or disturb the game, such as hares, and partridges and pheasants, which go where they please, and do as much damage as they like, unmolested. A "keeper," that is a game-keeper, lives on the estate, whose business it is to protect the game, and catch the poachers who presume to touch those animals, which are held as sacred as the geese in Rome's capital. The game laws are, and ever have been, a fruitless source of crime and suffering, and always will be, till human nature is thoroughly changed. On every estate where I have been, I have noticed with indignation the ravages of these useless animals called game, in fields of the finest wheat, while neither farmer nor laborer dares even drive them away, on penalty of his lord's displeasure, and the loss of his lease next year. I will say, however, that properly viewed, this waste of human food is not the loss of the farmer, but of the land, because land not subject to the preservation of game is, for that reason, leased at a higher rent.

There are no large barns for grain and hay in the south of England, as with us; but those products which we so carefully protect with buildings are never housed.—I have discussed the topic a good deal with the farmers here, and I try have reasons for their course; some I cannot venture to answer. They say they cannot afford the expense of barns, and that if they could, they would heat and burn up by spontaneous combustion, if put into them. The climate here is much more moist than ours, and I think the storms are not so violent. Hay does not dry so readily, nor injure so much in the stack, as with us, and on the whole, if English farmers like their own mode best, we will find no fault with their judgment; but I am sure it is poor economy for New-Englanders to follow their example in this particular. The low price of labor and the high price of building materials in England, make in favor of stacks and against barns.

In Mr. Crisp's farm yard I saw an original of the farm yards in which Landseer, and Herring, and other painters of animals, so much delight. Around in some order, though with no great regularity, are huge stacks of wheat, and barley, and hay, and straw, as large as goodly sized barns, all neatly thatched and trimmed.

There is a donkey, quietly meditating upon the better condition of half a dozen cart horses, that are standing up to their knees in straw, eating rye-grass and clover from the rack; and there a dozen black pigs of two months, with their maternal relative rooting about the very feet of the horses.—Flocks of ducks are waddling about in the same yard, and hens and chickens mix into the scene in crowds. A big dog is chained to the gate, and a smaller one is lurking at any stranger who approaches. Under the long tile-roofed shed, a dozen cats keep company with as many long handled, long nosed, long beamed plows.

A steam engine is puffing away quietly but busily with a threshing machine. Two or three men are passing up the sheaves from the rick, and two women on the top of the threshers receive it and unite the bands, while two more men are pitching the straw on to a new stack about as large and high up as a forty foot barn, while on the top of the same stack a boy is mounted on a horse of near a ton's weight, riding constantly about, to tread down the straw. The horse and rider remind you of an equestrian statue on a very large pedestal, and as the horse is gradually rising higher and higher, you wonder how he is ever to get down again, seeing that the stack is perpendicular

on every side, and fifteen feet high already. Every where is straw a foot thick, about the yards, in the stables, in the cow stalls, the greater object seeming to tread it down for manure.

We went down to the tide-water which bounds one side of the farm and examined the embankment against the sea. The embankment extends about twenty-two miles, and the "marshes," as the drained lands are called, are some of the most valuable wheat fields I have ever seen. I have since examined the "Lincolnshire fens," and the mode of drainage by immense steam engines, as well as large tracts reclaimed from the sea elsewhere, and I feel safe in saying that the heaviest crops of wheat I have seen in England are upon these fens and marshes. They require a peculiar treatment and a different rotation from the uplands, but the whole subject is well understood, and may be studied with advantage by all of us who live on the banks of rivers or on the coast of the Atlantic.

Upon one part of the estate we found brick and tile works where all the operations of making, setting and burning drain tiles were going on. This is a subject which has specially occupied my attention, and I have seen various machines in operation in several places, and have narrowly watched the methods of laying out the drains, and laying the tiles. I am more and more impressed with the importance of the subject to us at home. Much, perhaps most of our New-England soil, requires no draining, but much of our most valuable land, I am satisfied, would double in value, at small expense, by draining with tiles, when we have them at a fair price, and know how to use them.

I have not space now to speak particularly of the fine crops of wheat, and other grain—nor of the culture of the root crops—not of the magnificent stock of cattle, swine and sheep—nor of the plowing with those queer, old plows, straight furrows for half a mile, such as I never saw in America. We have had many talks about plows, but they have one argument in favor of their ungainly implement. Their work is far better than ours, and it is either because they have better plows or hold them better, and our farmers and plow-makers may settle that question as they can. I have seen a man, in England, with a yoke of oxen fastened in collars, like horses, with blinders on and bits in their mouths, guiding them with reins, and holding the plow himself, striking out lands eighty rods long with no stakes, except at the ends, absolutely straight so that I could not see an inch variation in the distance. It is a common operation here to plough land in ridges for mangolds, drill four rows at a time with a horse drill, and when the crop is up, to horse-hoe four rows at once. Any person who will consider this statement, will perceive that all the operations must be accurate to admit of this treatment. I think bid plowing is one of our national sins.

INDIAN CORN. Maize or Indian Corn, originated in America, and is not yet, we think, cultivated to any extent on the European continent. Though the people of Great Britain cannot be made to appreciate its merits very fully, the aggregate exports of corn in 1856, in the form of whole grain, meal, corn starch, farina, etc., amounted to between seven and eight millions of dollars, or about one-fourth of the whole exports of the country, and 6,700,000 bushels, considerably more than half, went to England alone.

Corn has always been an important article in this country, both of consumption and export. The total amount of the produce exported in 1770 was 578,349 bushels; in 1791, 2,064,393 bushels, of which 351,695 were Indian meal. The value of corn and its manufactures exported from the United States in 1830 was \$397,119; in 1835, \$1,217,665; in 1840, \$1,043,516; in 1845, \$1,033,293; in 1850, \$4,652,804. The export increases more rapidly than the production. The export of corn quadrupled between 2840 and 1850, while the production did not quite double.

The great amount of invention bestowed on corn planters, corn cutters, shellers, cob grinders, etc., tends each year to increase the amount of production. It has been estimated that, as a general rule, seven pounds of corn will produce one pound of pork; so that in localities where through distance from market or from transportation facilities, the cereal cannot be raised at a profit for sale, it is frequently the material used in fattening, the more concentrated form of diet, and on which, consequently, the freight is less. Cob meal, we believe, is most valuable for animals that chew the cud; horses and hogs, as a general thing, deriving less benefit from the cob-grinding inventions.—With all animals, however, we believe, there is a perceptible advantage realized by mixing the cob with the denser meal.—Scientific American

Now CLEAR UP THE MEADOWS. Many of our farmers are not able to avail themselves of the use of harvesting machines, for the fact that their mowing lands are so full of obstruction in the shape of snags, bushes, stones, logs, etc., that a mowing machine cannot safely traverse them. The same is also true of much wheat land that might otherwise be operated upon with a reaper. The manifest destiny of labor in this country is driving our farmers into the use of these labor saving implements, and they must get their farms ready for them.

This is not a good season for burning stubs. The weather has been so wet, that fire will not hang. But we cannot say that we should be sorry, for, as a general thing, this burning is a great damage to the land. Last year there were thousands of acres of rich soil, within the circuit of our travels, burned to the very bone, and the accumulated fertility of ages swept off in a day. Fire is a good thing in its place, but you might as well suffer a hungry dog in your sheep pasture, as to let fire eat up

the richest of your land. Go in with a stout pair or two of oxen or steady horses, dig about a little, get a good leverage, and rip out the stumps and snags by the roots. Snake off the logs, glean the sticks, and pile all together in a place where fire will do no harm, and when they are dry enough, burn them up. Gather up the loose boards, and hives them out of the way of the knives and sickles, and then you can use a machine with pleasure and profit.

A GOOD WORKING OX. The head should be long and slender. The short-headed ox may start tolerably quick at the whip, but will soon forget it. The eye should be sharp but pleasant. The black-eyed ox is apt to run away. For strength he should have a good boom. For travelling, the legs should be straight, and the ankle smaller than the foot; the toe should be directly forward.—If the animal be stout, the knee will bend in, and the leg will be as much weaker than a straight one as a crooked stick is weaker than a straight one for bearing a weight placed on the top of it; with such a form the inside claw is liable to be strained.—Avoid the long packed hoof. Let the back be straight from head to tail—though from the hips backwards, if he slopes a little it is not much of a fault; but do not let him rise in that part. For hardihood, the neck should be round or ribbed ox—one that is not in danger of knocking his hips off in going through the woods is best. He should be trained to the yoke quite young. Three pairs early put to work, but not overworked, would do as much labor as four pairs that are not broken until they have nearly attained growth.

The Farm and Garden.

Cook or steam as much of the food that you will use in fattening your animals, as you can. If you have nothing better to do this work with, take a large sugar kettle or cauldron, set it on some stones, and build a little fire under it, after filling it partly or quite full of the food you wish to cook.—Put in, of course, water enough for your purpose. If you pursue this method, you will soon notice the improved steamer and furnaces for cooking coarse food, and buy one.

Now is your time to draw and pile under cover your winter supply of wood. If it was cut and corded last spring, as it should have been, it is quite well seasoned now, and the ground is dry, almost for the first time since the middle of May. It may soon be wet again. Attend to it now, and save a good deal of hard work for your team. Be sure to place your fire under cover.

Do not forget to drain marshy spots now. That is, dig the ditches for this purpose. It is much more pleasant and economical to do it now, than when the ground is wet.

Draw great quantities of swamp mud for your barn-yard, to mix with your manure. The mud is much lighter now.

Let your boys trim and hoe out your garden and fence corners, and all nooks where weeds grow. Put all the weeds together in a pile, in a safe place. Let them dry a few days and then set fire to them. If you use a little care in this matter, you may destroy the weeds, seeds and all.

In some of your pastures, water may be growing scarce. See that all your animals have a good supply of clear, healthy water. Ohio Farmer.

Miscellaneous.

The Poor Girl and the Angels.

"Sleep, saintly poor one! sleep, sleep on, And, waking, find thy labor done!"

We never remember seeing any notice of the dear old legend, we are about to relate, save in some brief and exquisite lines of Charles Lamb; and yet how simple and quaintly it confers our childhood's faith, when heaven seems so much nearer to earth than it has ever been since, and we verily believed that the angels watched over the good and pure of heart!

Once upon a time there lived in a far-off country place, the dame of which has long since passed into oblivion, a young girl whose name we shall call Alice, with an angel and bedridden mother dependent upon her exertions for their sole support. And although at all periods they fared hard enough, and sometimes even wanted for bread, Alice never suffered her whole life to be a weary one, for she was a pastime to the few, may be to many weary and never-ending toil; engrossing the day that seems so long, and yet it is not half long enough for all they have to do—breaking into the quiet hours set apart by nature for rest, and mingling even with their troubled dreams.

Thus it was oftentimes with our poor heroine.

long since—thy trust in Providence that, for her sake, it would give thee strength for thy laborious tasks—the hope, that would not die, of better times—the faith that grew all the brighter and purer through trials—the store of sweet and pleasant thoughts that brought thee such pleasant comfort, and gave wings to many a weary hour of earthly toil.

For years Alice had contrived to lay by enough to pay the rent of their little cottage, ready against the period when it should become due; but now, either from the widow's long illness, or the hardness of the times, which ever presses in seasons of national or commercial difficulty most heavily upon those least able to struggle against its additional weight, the day came round and found her unprepared. It so happened that the old landlord was dead, and his successor, one of those stern men who without being actually hard-hearted, have a peculiar creed of their own with regard to the poor, which they are never weary of repeating holding poverty to be but as another name for idleness, or even crime!—but yet even he was touched by her tears, and meek, deprecating words; and consented to give her one week's grace, in the which she reckoned to have finished and got paid for the work she then had in the house. And although the girl was not in the order to effect this, the next work day and night, she dared ask no longer delay, and was even grateful to him for granting her request.

It will be a lesson to her not to be behind hand in future, thought her stern compassion, when he found himself alone; no doubt the girl has been idling of late, or spending her money on that pale-colored hood she wore (although, sooth to say, nothing could have been more becoming to her delicate complexion), instead of having it ready as usual? And yet, sleeping or waking, her grateful thanks haunted him strangely, almost winning him to gentler thoughts—she was almost, very hard, very hard to overcome.

Alice returned home with a light heart. "Well," said the widow, anxiously, "All right, mother; with God's blessing, we will yet keep the dear old cottage in which you tell me you were born."

"And hope to die," "Not yet—not yet dear mother!" exclaimed the girl passionately. What would become of your poor Alice, if she were to lose you?"

And yet I am but a burden on your young life—"No!—no!—a blessing, rather."

Alice was right; labor and toil only ask an object—something to love, and care, and work for, to make it endurable, and even sweet. And then, kissing her mother, but saying not a word of all she had to do, the girl took off the well-remembered hood and cloak which had given rise to such unjust assumptions, and putting them carefully aside sat down in a hopeful spirit to her wheel. The dark cloud which had hung over her in the morning seemed already breaking, and she could even fancy the blue sky again in the distance.

All that day she only moved from her work to prepare their simple meals, or wait upon the helpless but not selfish invalid, who, but for the eyes of watchful love ever bent upon her, would have striven painfully to perform many a little duty for herself, rather than tax those willing hands always so ready to labor in her behalf. And when night came, willing to cause that dear mother need less anxiety, Alice lay down quietly by her side, watching until she had fallen asleep; and then, rising noiselessly, returned to her own task. And yet, somehow the harder she worked, the more it seemed to grow beneath her weary fingers; the real truth of the matter was she had overrated her own powers, and was unaware of the much longer time it would take for the completion of her task than she had allowed herself.

But it was too late to think of all this now; she doubted not, would give her strength to go through with it. Oh, happy, thrice happy are they who have devoted to possess this pure and child-like faith, shedding its gentle light on the darkest scenes of life.

Morning broke, at length over the distant hills; and Alice, flinging open the casement, felt refreshed by the cool breeze, and gladdened by the humming of the birds, already up and at their orisons; or exchanged a kind good-morrow with the peasants going forth to their early labor.

No wonder that those rough untutored men, gazing upward on her pale, calm face, and listening to her gentle tones, felt a sort of superstitious reverence in their hearts, as though there was a blessing in that kindly greeting which boded of good.

The widow noticed, with that quick-sightedness of affection which even the very blind seem gifted with in the presence of those they love, that her child looked, if possible, a thought paler than usual; and for all the bright smile that met her every Alice, feeling conscious of her gaze, looked up from her work, marked how wearily her heavy eyelids drooped, and the aching eyes which had been strained in love to soothe and allay her fond anxiety; and the girl was well content that it should be so.

It so happened that, about noon, as sat spinning in the cottage porch, the new landlord passed that way on horseback, and was struck with her sad and weary looks; for, of late, she had indeed toiled far beyond her strength, and this additional fatigue was almost too much for her. But still that stern man said within himself, it is ever thus with the poor; they work hard when actually obliged to do so, and it is a just punishment for their improvidence and idleness at other times. And yet, he added, a moment after, as he turned his horse's head, half lingeringly, she is very young too.

Alice looked up at the sound of retreating footsteps, but too late for her to catch that half retreating glance, or it might have encouraged her to ask an extension of the time allowed her;—but even if were but one single day;—but he had passed on ere the timid girl could banish from her mind the fearful remembrance of his former harshness.

Another weary day and sleepless night found her still at her spinning, with the same smile on her lip, and hope and trust in her breast.

"Is there nothing I can do to help you, my Alice?" asked her mother, who, grieved to see her obliged to toil so hard, "Nothing—unless, indeed, you will tell me some tale of old times, as you used to years ago, when I was a child."

"Why, you are but a child now," said the widow, with a mournful smile; and then inwardly comparing her lot with that of other girls of the same age, she relapsed into a train of sad and silent musings—Alice knew that they were sad, by the quivering lip and contracted brow.

Come mother dear," said she, "I am waiting to hear your story."

And then the widow began to relate some simple reminiscence of by-gone times, possessing a strange interest for that lonely girl, who knew so little of life, save in those homely and transient revelations; falling asleep in the midst of her weariness—for she ever grew weak and exhausted as night came on—but presently awoke again half bewildered.

"Where was I, Alice?" asked the invalid gently.

"Asleep, dear mother, I was in hopes," replied her companion, with a smile.

"Oh! forgive me, I could not help it. But you will not get up very long." "No, no! good night."

"Good night, and God bless you, my child!" said the widow; and, a few minutes afterward, Alice was again the only wakeful thing in that little cottage—if indeed, she could be called so by her half-closed eyes and wandering thoughts, though, it is true, the busy fingers toiled on mechanically at their task. The very clock ticked with a dull, drowsy sound, and the perpetual whizzing of her wheel seemed almost like a lullaby.

Presently the girl began to sing in a low voice, in order to keep herself awake; hymns as usual—low, plaintive, and soothing; while the widow heard them in her sleep, and dreamed of heaven. But all would not do so, and she arose at length and walked noiselessly up and down the room, trying to shake off the drowsy feeling that oppressed and weighed upon her so heavily. And then, opening the casement, sat by it to catch the cool breath of night upon her fevered brow, and watch the myriad stars looking down on earth. How natural spring comes at such times as these! Alice clasped her hands involuntarily, and although no words were uttered, her heart prayed:

We have called her, in our love, pure and innocent; but she of her holier wisdom, knew that she was but a weak and erring creature, after all, and took courage only from remembering that there is One who careth even for the very flowers of the field, and how much more for the children of earth. But, gradually, as she sat thus in the pale starlight the white lids drooped over the heavy eyes—her hands unclasped and sunk slowly and listlessly down; the weary and toil-worn frame had found rest at last.

And then the room seemed filled on a sudden with a strange brightness, and where poor Alice had sat erstwhile, at her wheel, was an angel with shining hair and raiment white and radiant as a sunbeam; while another bearded gently over the slumberer—and, looking first at her and then at her companion, smiles pityingly; and the girl smiles too, in her sleep; and as if still haunted by her favorite hymn tones, sings again, very faintly and sweetly, until the sounds die lingering away, at length, upon the still night. Fast and noiselessly pass these holy ones at their lovings, while the whizzing of the busy wheel, accompanied by a gentle rushing sound, as of wings alone disturbed the profound slumber of that little chamber. And now the morning broke again over the earth; and their mission performed, they have sped away to their bright home rejoicingly.

Alice awoke trembling from her long and refreshing slumber, thinking how she must work doubly hard to redeem those lost hours. She drew her wheel toward her—she looked wildly at it, rubbing her eyes to be sure she was not still dreaming; and then gazed around the quiet apartment, where all remained just as she had left it; but the task—the heavy task for which she had marked out four more weary days and nights of toil, and feared, ere the night came, to complete it—lay ready finished before her! But, after a little time, the girl, gazing to wonder, or remembering to whom she had prayed on the previous night, gazed by an unerring instinct, knee down and poured out her full heart in a gush of prayerful thanksgiving to Heaven! And we can almost fancy the angels standing a little way off, smiling upon each other and on her, even as they had done before, and rejoicing in their own work.

A Battle Incident.

At the battle of the Thames, a laughable incident occurred, which is thus related by one who was in the engagement: The British general had formed his men in open order, with their cannon pointing down the road, by which the Americans were advancing. Gen. Harrison immediately took advantage of this, and ordered Col. Johnson's mounted regiment to charge at speed by heads of companies, (so as to expose the least possible front,) pass through the open intervals, and form in the rear of the British forces. This movement was brilliantly executed by the battalion under the command of Lieut. Col. James Johnson, at the same time charging the Indians with the other battalion.

It happened that in one of the companies under James Johnson's command there was a huge, brawny fellow, named Lamb; he weighed about 240 pounds; was a brave man, and as good humored as big-braven men proverbially are. Lamb had broken down his Kentucky horse by his great weight, and was mounted instead upon a short, stout, wild Canadian pony; from whose sides his long limbs depended almost to the ground, while his bulky frame rose high above the beast—looking not unlike an overgrown boy astride of a tough sheep.

When the charge was made, Lamb's pony took fright, and broke into a run. Lamb pulled until the bit broke in the animal's mouth, and all command of him was lost. The little pony stretched himself as he was to the ground, dashed out of the ranks, soon on, stripped the file leaders and pushed on in advance of the company. Lamb was no longer master of his horse or himself, and he was in a quandary. If he rolled off he would be trampled to death by his friends; if he rode, he would be trampled to death by his friends; if he rode, he would be trampled to death by his friends; if he rode, he would be trampled to death by his friends.

On the drive, some fifty yards in front of the leading file, Lamb's gigantic person swayed from side to side, and his legs swinging in a most picturesque fashion—the little Canadian "pulling foot" all he knew how, his tail straight, his nostrils distended, his ears pinned back, and his eyes dashing from under their shaggy foretop, with all the spite and spirit of a born devil.

Just as he got within a stride or two of the British, Lamb flourished his rifle and roared out in a voice of thunder: "Clear the way, damn you, for I'm coming."

To his surprise the lines opened right and left, and he passed through unhurt. So great was their astonishment, at the strange apparition of such a rider, and such a horse moving upon them, with furious velocity, that they opened mechanically at his word of command, and let him pass. So soon as he gained the rear of his position, Lamb rolled on the grass, and suffered his pony to go on his own road. A few minutes more, and he was with his comrades securing the prisoners.

THE LAND SPECULATORS. An article in the Chicago Tribune informs us that shoals of people from New England and the Middle States are travelling Westward to look after the farm lands and building lots, in which they invested so much money last summer and spring, at a time of great inflation, or upon the security of which the lent money to Western men. The Tribune adds, that these investments are hopeless now, and will be so for years to come. But this probably depends upon whether the holders of such lands and lots continue to expect good prices. The article we quote from says, that the amount of land now for sale is immense, in fact out of all proportion to the demand at present, or any prospective demand for the next ten years. As for the building lots, and nine-tenths of them might as well be sacrificed at once by their owners, for any price they will bring. From the tone of the Western paper, it is quite clear that none of the land now held by speculators will be salable for a long time to come, unless thrown upon the market for whatever it will bring.—Then emigrants and settlers will be attracted to the regions which the eager appetite of speculators had swallowed up. But if not, then the next tide of emigration will pass over them entirely, and they will be forgotten.—Phila. North American.

TOMATO TART. Cover a plate with a thin layer of dough. Cut your tomatoes (green) into thin slices, and place them on the dough, very evenly; then add two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, and one of ground cinnamon. Spread them evenly over the tomato, and bake well. This makes a delicious tart. The tomatoes used should be sound and sweet.—Exchange.

Forty-seven sheep, in the enclosure of Mr. Benj. Bacon, Jr., of Woodstock, were killed by lightning during a recent violent thunder storm. Twenty-nine of them belonged to Mr. Sylvanus Porter of Paris, and the remainder to Mr. Bacon.

A valuable barn, twenty tons of hay, a quantity of corn, beans, farming tools, &c., and a valuable horse belonging to William Dutton of Litchfield, were burnt on Saturday night, October 21. Cause of the fire unknown; partially insured in the Monmouth Company.

A Mrs. Hurd, of Berwick, Me., committed suicide on Friday night, the 9th inst., by hanging herself. She has been partially deranged for some time.

A NEW IDEA. A very gentlemanly individual, who had been deprived of a valuable necklace, posted up the following notice:—"Who was the gentleman who exchanged umbrellas with me the other day, and forgot to leave his?"

Reports of Committees.

Made at the Cattle Show and Fair of the York County Agricultural Society, held at Saco, Oct. 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th, 1857.

ON FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

The committee on fruit and flowers have been examined, the specimens exhibited and report: The reason has been unpropitious for the growth and maturity of fruit, and to this fact may perhaps be attributed the diminished amount exhibited at the present Fair. The quality of that exhibited entitles the Exhibitors to great commendation for the skill and perseverance which have resulted in so good success in a year so characterized by obstacles to the cultivation of fruit.

We have awarded premiums as follows: For the best grown and greatest variety of Apples, the first premium of \$3.00, to Moses C. Donnell, of Newfield; second premium of \$2.00, to Lewis McKenney of Saco.

Pears.—For the best Pock, \$2.00, to Charles Nutter, of Saco; second premium of \$2.00, to Joseph Smith of Biddeford.—For the best dish of Pears, the first premium of \$2.00 to Daniel Smith, Jr., of Saco. Eli Smith of Biddeford, presented by A. A. Hanson, of Saco, basket of apples, first premium, \$1.00.

The second would have been given to Dr. J. M. Milliken of Scarborough, but as he lived within the limits of the Society, the committee recommended a Diploma.

Grapes.—For the best foreign grapes, S. L. Goodale a premium of \$3.00.

Flowers.—Mrs. S. L. Goodale, for six bouquets of flowers, 50 cts. Francisco Boyd, bouquet, 50 cts.

S. S. Milliken of Buxton, presented a specimen of cultivated Cranberries, and we would recommend a gratuity of \$1.00 provided the person raising them furnishes a statement, giving a detailed account of the mode of cultivation. A lot of Grapes, seedlings from the Isabella, raised by Mr. Moses C. Donnell of Newfield, first year from the seed, good flavor, and worthy of cultivation. Mr

